

# Wrestling

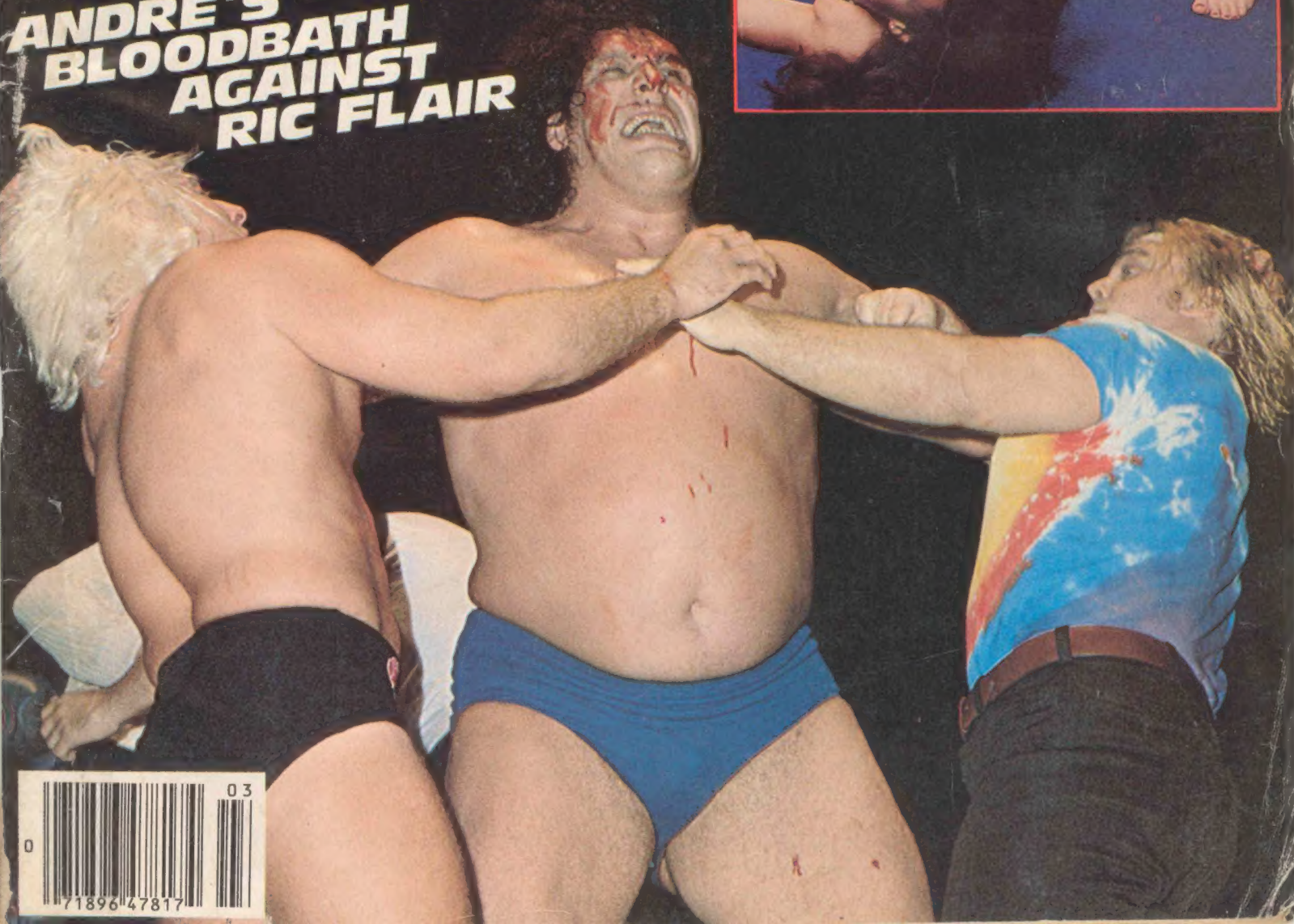
**CONFIDENTIAL DIARY OF  
AN APARTMENT  
WRESTLER**



*Mil Mascaras Learns...*  
**TO GET TO THE TOP,  
YOU MUST START  
AT THE BOTTOM**

**The Match You've Been  
Waiting To See:**

**ANDRE'S  
BLOODBATH  
AGAINST  
RIC FLAIR**





# Wrestling

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# OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

## WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

CHAMPION: SUPERSTAR GRAHAM

- 1—BOB BACKLUND
- 2—MIL MASCARAS
- 3—DUSTY RHODES
- 4—IVAN PUTSKI
- 5—KEN PATERA
- 6—SPIROS ARION
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—PETER MAIVIA
- 9—TONY GAREA
- 10—LARRY ZBYSZKO

## AMERICAN WRESTLING ASSOCIATION

CHAMPION: NICK BOCKWINKLE

- 1—BILLY ROBINSON
- 2—RAY STEVENS
- 3—VERNE GAGNE
- 4—LARRY HENNIG
- 5—SUPER DESTROYER
- 6—JIM BRUNZELL
- 7—GREG GAGNE
- 8—BLACKJACK LANZA
- 9—BOBBY DUNCUM
- 10—ANGELO MOSCA

## MOST POPULAR WRESTLERS

- 1—ANDRE THE GIANT
- 2—DUSTY RHODES
- 3—BOB BACKLUND
- 4—IVAN PUTSKI
- 5—MIL MASCARAS
- 6—PAUL JONES
- 7—CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 8—JIMMY SNUKA
- 9—BILLY ROBINSON
- 10—RICK STEAMBOAT

## NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

CHAMPION: HARLEY RACE

- 1—ROCKY JOHNSON
- 2—TERRY FUNK
- 3—RIC FLAIR
- 4—DUSTY RHODES
- 5—DICK SLATER
- 6—PAUL JONES
- 7—LARS ANDERSON
- 8—JACK BRISCO
- 9—JIMMY SNUKA
- 10—RICK STEAMBOAT

## TAG TEAMS

- 1—MR. FUJI & PROFESSOR TANAKA
- 2—RIC FLAIR & GREG VALENTINE
- 3—GREG GAGNE & JIM BRUNZELL
- 4—THE ANDERSON BROTHERS
- 5—PAUL JONES & RICK STEAMBOAT
- 6—THE VALIANT BROTHERS
- 7—IVAN KOLOFF & MR. SAITO
- 8—JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 9—CHIEF STRONGBOW & PETER MAIVIA
- 10—JOSE LOTHARIO & ALBERTO MADRIL

## MOST HATED WRESTLERS

- 1—KEN PATERA
- 2—RIC FLAIR
- 3—SUPERSTAR GRAHAM
- 4—GREG VALENTINE
- 5—STAN HANSEN
- 6—THE SHEIK
- 7—BLACKJACK MULLIGAN
- 8—NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 9—SPIROS ARION
- 10—SUPER DESTROYER



BOB BACKLUND



LARRY HENNIG



PAUL JONES



GREG VALENTINE





The sport of wrestling, like any other sport, has its share of problems. Some of these problems are so outrageous they need to be pointed out and corrected as quickly as possible. When "We Accuse" points the finger at a target, fireworks are sure to follow!

BY THE EDITORS

**A**S WRESTLING GROWS more brutally savage, there is only one way to reverse this gory trend. There must be stricter officiating. That means more than one referee for every match.

No single human being can successfully control a wrestling match. Rule-breakers today are more cunning than ever. The science of blocking the referee's view from illegal maneuvers has reached an all-time high—or low, depending on how you regard this accomplishment. Wrestling can't survive when its rules are easily broken.

Therefore, radical measures must be employed to stop rulebreaking. Two referees in the ring should be the first step. This is so obvious it's astounding people still haven't done it. Yet, like all sports, wrestling's traditions often work against its best interests.

Since the days of the ancient Greeks, one man has officiated during the



Before the referee could stop Abdullah the Butcher, the man's weapon sliced up Dusty Rhodes. Wrestling will not be able to take much more of this carnage. Better officiating is the only answer.

matches. Of course, these were amateur contests by athletes more concerned with dignity than victory. As the sport became more complex—and honor was replaced by greed—rule-breaking became more and more common. Still, it wasn't until the last 50 years that rulebreaking has become a science.

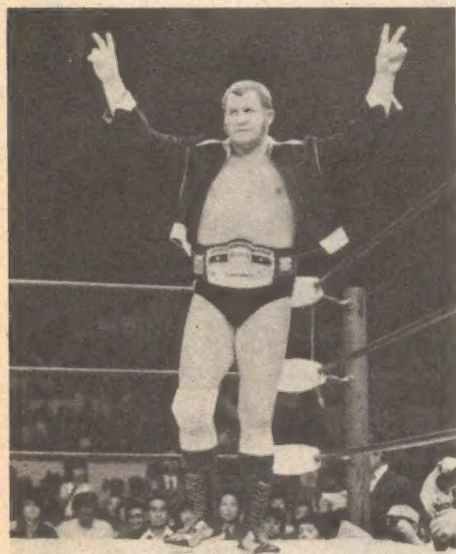
There are many reasons for this. Explanations and theories could fill many volumes. However, we can leave the reasons to historians. We must address ourselves to the problem of how to stop this blight. Most rulebreaking tactics are designed to avoid the gaze of

one person. Most of them would be easily detected by a second man positioned differently. Have you ever noticed how easily the crowd sees things a referee can't. That's because the tactic can't be hidden from more than one angle. The second referee could have the same advantage that the crowd enjoys.

There would be much opposition to this, however, from all quarters. Rule-breakers would obviously oppose it because it would force them to wrestle scientifically. However, scientific wrestlers have been known to oppose it

(Continued on page 48)





**I**T IS WITH genuine pride that we present this month's honors to a man who would normally not be in line for this award. But after viewing his actions for the past month, the editors feel completely justified in presenting "Wrestler of the Month" to the NWA champion, Harley Race.

Wrestler of the Month is NWA champion Harley Race (left). Since winning the title from Terry Funk (above), Race has rejected his rulebreaking maneuvers to try scientific tactics. We applaud Harley's decision to experiment with new methods, especially those which bring honor to the sport.

This gesture on our part is really a hope and desire for Harley to keep on his present course. In the past, Race has been known to be a notorious rulebreaker. Indeed, he is a man who usually wrestles as he pleases, with little regard to the regulations which govern the sport.

But this is changing, albeit quite slowly. In the past few weeks, Race has adapted a more scientific style, proving he is a man with considerable talents. All along we knew that Harley Race had the skills to be an excellent scientific wrestler; he just never bothered using them. Now he has begun to show what he can do. He has every right to be proud. And—it should be

noted—the NWA title is still safely in his hands.

Most champions are extremely reluctant to experiment with their styles. They feel that what they have done in the past propelled them this far, so why should they change. It is a safe attitude, one which is easy to assume. However, it is not always the best course to take. Sometimes it is necessary to change in order to improve.

After a while, leading contenders for a belt get to know the champion's style. They realize where weaknesses are, and how these weaknesses can be exploited. This is how many a champion

*(Continued on page 50)*



# MAILBAG

## DUSTY'S FAN

I just read "Dusty Rhodes Is the Superman of Wrestling" (January 1978). I have always admired Dusty, who is my favorite wrestler. I have heard and seen Dusty defeat top stars like Superstar Graham, Harley Race, Ric Flair, Ox Baker, and many others.

Without a doubt, "Big Dusty" is the best wrestler in the sport. He is the top contender in the WWF, and he is the top contender in the NWA. He is also the "Most Popular Wrestler" in the ratings. He could whip Graham, Bockwinkel, or Race. And if this sounds like flattery, well, I can't help it.. He is really that good a wrestler.

JAMES GUNN  
Island Park, N.Y.



Dusty Rhodes calls himself the "American Dream." His fans call him the best wrestler of all.

## FLAIR'S FAN

I want to thank you for making Ric Flair your "Wrestler of the Month" (January 1978). I happen to like Ric Flair. But whether you

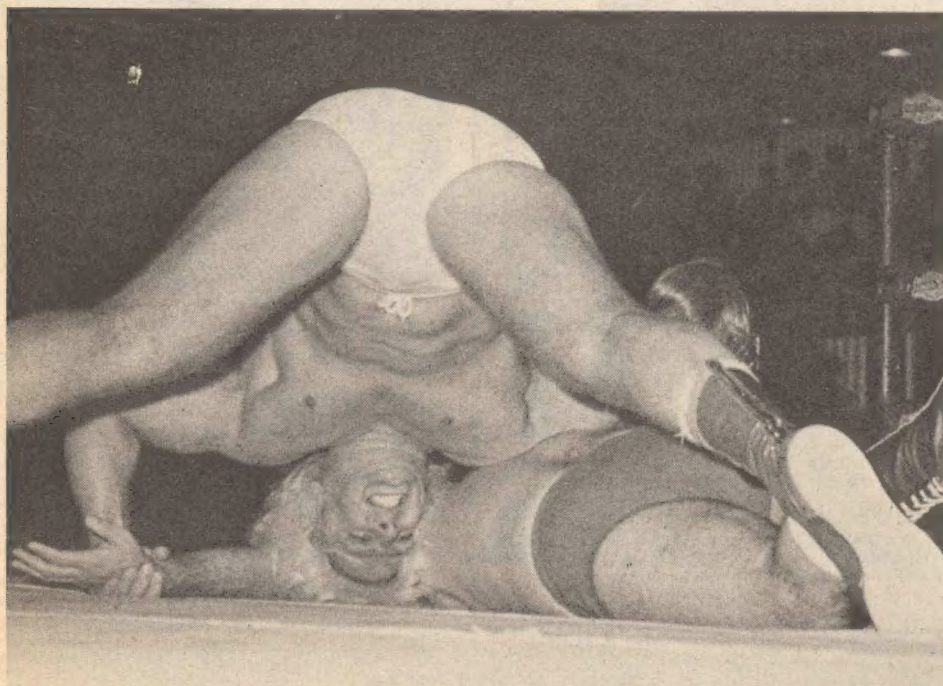
love him or hate him, you have to admit Ric Flair is a great wrestler.

This young man won't let anything stop him in his journey to the top of his chosen profession. If you are completely honest, you have to admire his stubborn determination to succeed.

There is a lot more to Ric Flair than fancy robes and sexy looks. He is one of the truly great wrestlers in this generation. Ric Flair really deserved the honor of "Wrestler of the Month." He isn't great because he breaks the rules. He is great because he has worked to be great and he won't settle for less. If you are fair to him, Ric Flair will be "Wrestler of the Month" again in the near future.

Thank you for being fair enough to give this award to a man who deserved it, even though you do not like him.

THERESA TURNER  
Raleigh, N.C.



Though Ric Flair is notorious for cheating, he is also renown for extraordinary athletic ability. Flair may be hated by many fans, but just as many adore the handsome, unscrupulous mat star.

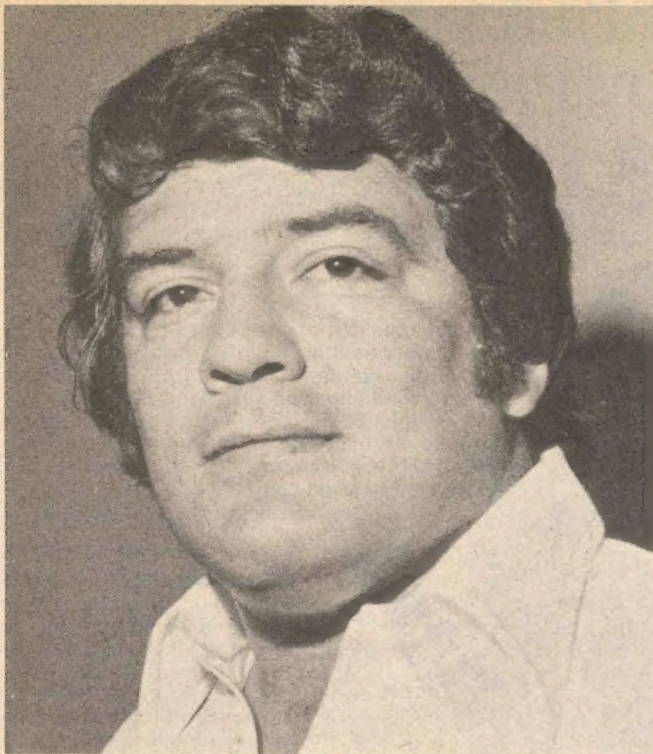
## HEARTLESS WRESTLERS

Your column, "We Accuse" (January 1978) really hit a raw nerve. I know of many fans who have had their hearts broken when a favorite wrestler refuses to sign an autograph. It is an outrage.

If it were not for the fans, the wrestlers would go hungry. I do wish they would keep this fact in mind. After all, we pay their salaries. We put food in their bellies. The least they can do is be a little kind and sign an autograph.

This problem is not just limited to rulebreakers. I know of many  
(Continued on page 54)





## POINT: PAUL JONES

**T**O MY MIND, there is nothing so humiliating as a match ending in a draw. It just sits there, meaning less than nothing. Indeed, it pains me more for a match to end in a draw than to have a loss.

I think a man deserves a clear-cut decision regarding his efforts. After all, if I know that I have been consistently in control of a match for an entire hour, I do not want to see all my efforts go toward a draw. I want to be credited with the win I deserve. The same is true if I have been

# POINT·COUNTERPOINT·POINT·C

## COUNTERPOINT: PETER MAIVIA

**W**ITH ALL DUE RESPECT, I find I must disagree wholeheartedly with Paul Jones on this particular issue. I have myself been in many matches ending in draws. But I do not see them as disheartening or meaningless. I feel they are a tribute to the abilities of two evenly matched combatants.

There have been several occasions when I have gone into a battle with a man nearly my equal in ability. And after one hour, he indeed proves to be my equal. Why should either of us

lose when we both did so well? To my mind, this is a draw, and should be declared so. So long as neither man won, no man should be declared a winner and no man should be declared a loser.

I will agree that there are some matches where a man is clearly the winner, even though no pin is achieved during the 60 minutes of battle. In some cases, the man is declared the winner. For the most part however, these matches are declared draws. It is an inequity within the system, but one which we can and do live with.

Mr. Jones talks about boosting morale, but I think he is only looking at this matter from one point of view. He should try to consider what a man who lost a decision would feel like. He might feel he could have gone on to win if he had more time. To his mind, a draw is a justifiable result. Being awarded a loss by the



losing. When I have given a battle my best shot, but have been unable to take control, I deserve the loss. At least I know where I stand. A draw is the same as being sent into a murky limbo, where nothing is good and nothing is bad. Everything is just there, meaningless. Who needs it?

There must be some sort of decision rendered at the end of matches which last through the time limit. It is only right and fair. This is especially true in title matches. A man spends many weeks of his life preparing for a championship battle. He does well during the match, taking control and keeping it through the bout. Clearly, he is the better wrestler. Yet at the time limit, he is awarded neither the match nor the belt. He is left with a draw, all his time

and effort become useless. He is left knowing he deserves the belt, but also knowing he cannot have it. Is this fair?

Replacing the present system of declaring draws at the end of time limits would be relatively easy. In every match, there is one man who knows exactly what has happened at all times—the referee. These men, as a group, are the most honest men I know. They would never lie, nor would they protect any wrestler. They would give an honest evaluation of the match, rendering a fair and just decision.

With luck, the commissions will realize the errors of their ways and do some rethinking regarding draws. To change the rules here would be a morale booster for every wrestler in the sport. It should be done, soon! □

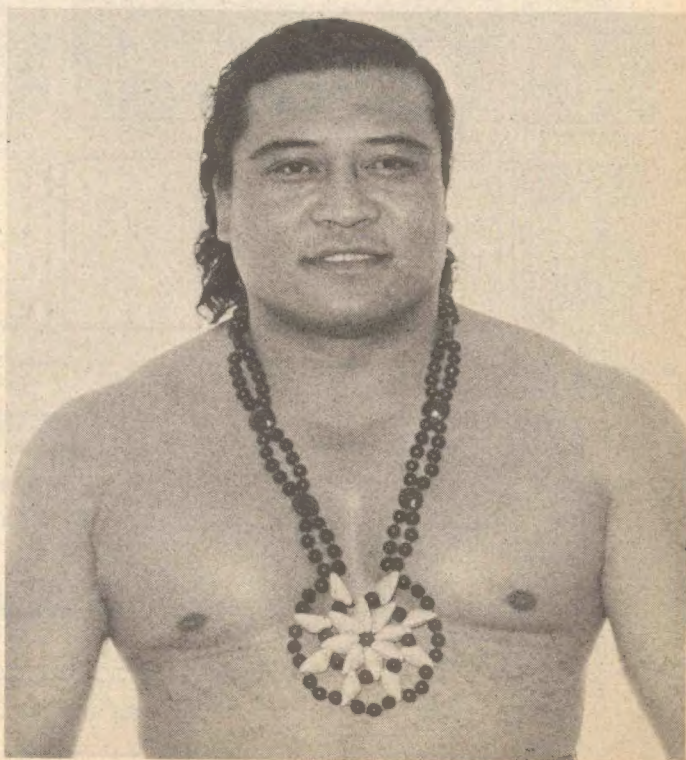
## UNTERPOINT • POINT • COUNTERP

*referee would be depressing and discouraging to the man.*

*As for the referees themselves, I agree with the statement that they are inherently honest. However, I do not agree that they should be the sole arbitrators of a decision. They do not see everything that happens. I know of too many cases where referees simply did not see rulebreaking occurring during a match for me to trust their judgement completely.*

*In short, I simply do not think there is any reason for the commissions to change their present methods of operation. The present set-up is more than adequate as it is. There are inequities in the system, but nothing so bad as there might be under a different system.*

*What Paul Jones proposed was a nice idea on paper, but it could never work in the real world.* □







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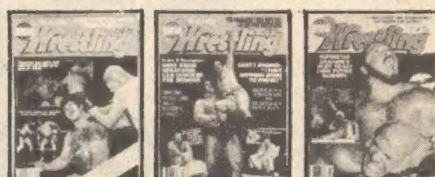
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There's nothing dignified or subtle about Super Destroyer. He comes in hard and aims low. That's the kind of man Billy Robinson hates. Robinson's quest may lead him down a road from which there's no return

***Why  
Super  
Destroyer  
Vows:  
"I'M  
GOING  
TO***



# **BASH BILLY ROBINSON'S HEAD IN!"**

**I**N A FAR corner of the gym, Lord Al Hays could be seen talking to his grappler, Super Destroyer. Hays could be heard

all over the gym and throughout the entire county.

"Do you want to be champion?" Hays screamed.

Super Destroyer nodded his head.

"I don't hear you! Do you want  
(Continued on page 44)



# ANTONIO INOKI REGAINS THE N.W.F. TITLE



*Tiger Jeet Singh glories in his N.W.F. championship (above) before his match with Antonio Inoki in Japan. Though he lost the first fall, Singh comes back and captures the second fall with a backbreaker (right) and seems on the way to once again retain his championship.*

**M**ONTHS HAD PASSED since N.W.F. championship to Tiger Jeet Singh. There had been a time of despair and failure for the Japanese mat star as he unsuccessfully chased the unscrupulous conqueror around the globe for a chance to avenge his loss. He could look back on those months as a time of discontent and frustration. He had tracked Singh down only



to see the Indian get himself disqualified rather than admit defeat. Inoki would have the victory, but Singh would have the belt. After wandering the globe in pursuit

of Tiger, Inoki finally forced a confrontation between them in Japan. There was no reason to believe the change of scenery would produce any different ending. Singh had proven

*The crowd goes wild as Antonio Inoki is once again N.W.F. champion after his victory over Tiger Jeet Singh. Yet, Singh also won a victory this night!*

himself determined to go to any lengths to retain his title. Still, Inoki trained with singular dedication for this bout. If there was the slightest chance of being able to regain his former glory, Inoki was determined to take advantage of it. He would go to any lengths for the least possible hope.

Friends watching Inoki train fell into a respectful silence as the grappler went through his exercises. There was something ritualistic about the way he moved. His face was expressionless except for the cold glint in his eyes. While his body responded to the regular cycle of exercise, his mind furiously devised strategies and tactics. He purposely subjected himself to the nightmare memories of former matches with Tiger to try to discover some telling flaw in Singh's attack and defenses. Sadly, painfully, his mind recalled images and moments of failed chances and missed opportunities. And he racked his brain to devise ways of overcoming these failures.

Singh also looked upon this match as the hardest of his battles against Inoki. The wrestler had been stung by the outrage and derision which had marked his championship reign. The insults had penetrated to his pride and he became determined to cease what he felt were the slanders against his title reign.

"Many people," Singh declared before the match, "many ignorant people



**In a chase that spanned the globe, Antonio Inoki battled Tiger Jeet Singh for the N.W.F. title in one of the most startling contests ever witnessed!**



# ANTONIO IN REGAINS T N.W.F. TIT



*Tiger Jeet Singh glories in his N.W.F. championship (above) before his match with Antonio Inoki in Japan. Though he lost the first fall, Singh comes back and captures the second fall with a backbreaker (right) and seems on the way to once again retain his championship.*



**M**ONTHS HAD PASSED since Antonio Inoki had lost his N.W.F. championship to Tiger Jeet Singh. There had been a time of despair and failure for the Japanese mat star as he unsuccessfully chased his unscrupulous conqueror around the globe for a chance to avenge his loss.

He could look back on those months as a time of discontent and frustration. He had tracked Singh down only

to see the Indian get himself disqualified rather than admit defeat. Inoki would have the victory, but Singh would have the belt.

After wandering the globe in pursuit

of Tiger, Inoki finally forced a confrontation between them in Japan. There was no reason to believe the change of scenery would produce any different ending. Singh had proven



# OKI HE LE

*The crowd goes wild as Antonio Inoki is once again N.W.F. champion after his victory over Tiger Jeet Singh. Yet, Singh also won a victory this night!*

himself determined to go to any lengths to retain his title.

Still, Inoki trained with singular dedication for this bout. If there was the slightest chance of being able to regain his former glory, Inoki was determined to take advantage of it. He would go to any lengths for the least possible hope.

Friends watching Inoki train fell into a respectful silence as the grappler went through his exercises. There was something ritualistic about the way he moved. His face was expressionless except for the cold glint in his eyes. While his body responded to the regular cycle of exercise, his mind furiously devised strategies and tactics.

He purposely subjected himself to the nightmare memories of former matches with Tiger to try to discover some telling flaw in Singh's attack and defenses. Sadly, painfully, his mind recalled images and moments of failed chances and missed opportunities. And he racked his brain to devise ways of overcoming these failures.

Singh also looked upon this match as the hardest of his battles against Inoki. The wrestler had been stung by the outrage and derision which had marked his championship reign. The insults had penetrated to his pride and he became determined to cease what he felt were the slanders against his title reign.

"Many people," Singh declared before the match, "many ignorant people

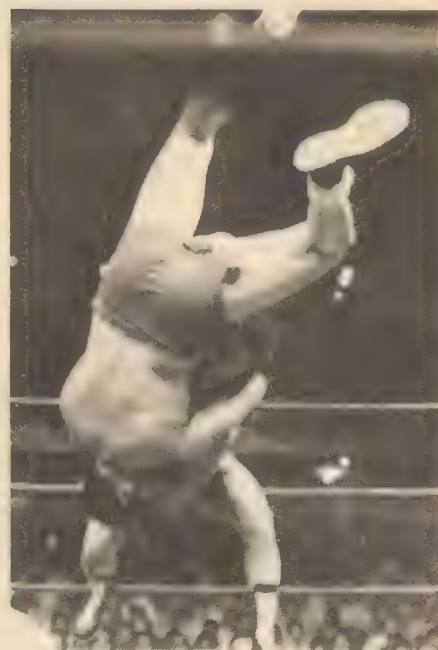


**In a chase that spanned the globe, Antonio Inoki battled Tiger Jeet Singh for the N.W.F. title in one of the most startling contests ever witnessed!**





*Left: Inoki lifts Singh in the air and crushes him in a brutal reverse bearhug during the last fall of the match. Below: A mistake by Singh allows Inoki to flip him hard to the canvas.*



to a duel and hope to cut out their worthless tongues. However, I am not allowed to do this. So I will do the next best thing.

"In this match against Inoki, in front of all those who have slandered my good name and reputation, I will wrestle totally scientifically. At no time will there be any foreign objects or objectionable tactics, two lies which have been repeated by the foolish and cruel enemies of my championship. I have never done these things. And I swear upon the honor of my ancestors I will be totally scientific for this match. And I will be victorious. And all will honor me for my greatness."

No one believed the Indian's promises, not even on the night of the match when Singh handed his ceremonial sabre to the referee. Tiger had often used the sword to slash at his opponents. However, on this most important of title matches, he easily surrendered the weapon. Most believed it was only a ploy to lull Inoki into a false sense of security.

So the two began battling for that all-important belt which lay at ring-side. At first, they were cautious with each other, trying to find some new weakness or new opening in their foe's defenses. Then, they locked in the wrestler's position and the real brawling began.

Yet Singh never lapsed into the savage maneuvers in which the Indian is so cruelly expert. No one could deny

who know nothing of the sport of wrestling have accused me unjustly of using illegal tactics and questionable methods to retain my title. This is ugly and untrue, lies spread by those who wish to see me harmed for their own

strange reasons. Perhaps they hope to do with words what they cannot do in a wrestling match.

"They have succeeded in disgracing my glorious reign. In a civilized country, I would challenge them each





*Above: During the second fall, Inoki is felled by a savage kick to the belly. Singh was quick to follow up this advantage and take the second fall. Below: Early in the match, Singh tortures his opponent by trapping him in a headscissors. Above right: an exhausted Inoki is hesitant to take off the championship belt for which he struggled so long and had to battle so valiantly.*



backbreaker. It looked like Singh would retain the title on Inoki's terms!

The opening moments of the third fall did nothing to ease their fears. Sensing victory, he rushed at his stricken opponent. For what seemed like an eternity to Inoki and his arena of fans, Singh tormented the challenger. It seemed a matter of time before Singh would win his greatest victory to date.

However, Antonio didn't gain his fame by accepting defeat. With a desperate surge of power, drawn from reserves only the superb athletes possess, Inoki began to battle back. The momentum of the match changed when Antonio bodyslammed his foe to the canvas.

Inoki followed with a backdrop. Singh, reeling from the onslaught, couldn't protect himself from another perfect dropkick to his face. Singh never realized what happened when Inoki dropped him headfirst to the canvas with a backdrop. Three seconds later, Antonio Inoki was again the N.W.F. champion.

Some of the crowd's cheers, however, had to be reserved for Tiger Jeet Singh. At no time during the entire match, even when his title was threatened, did he use foreign objects or resort to illegal maneuvers. He had lost—but lost with dignity.

Recognizing Singh's accomplishment, Inoki shook his foe's hand and promised him a rematch. The Indian thanked his conqueror and accepted the opportunity to once again earn the N.W.F. belt.

Then proudly, Antonio Inoki strode back to the dressing room, the N.W.F. championship belt firmly encircling his waist. And the fans rose as one to give him a standing ovation. □



the greatness of his skills, but they were just as undeniably scientific. The fans were stunned by the exhibition. Inoki, however, rejoiced in the contest and waged a magnificent attack.

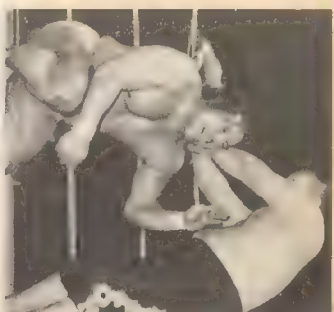
Inoki won the first fall and the

crowd roared its approval. When Singh tortured and bested Inoki in the Argentine backbreaker to even the score, the crowd fell silent. They knew the next fall would determine the match—and Inoki was injured by the





# THE NIGHT THE FANS ALMOST KILLED PETER MAIVIA



**A**L THE LETTERS piled high told the man he must decide which way to go. The pleas of fans were strong. They were sure their hero wouldn't hesitate, that he'd save the day. And Peter Maivia read them all and knew he'd answer their pleadings if only he could.

The tag team champions now are Professor Toru Tanaka and Mr. Fuji. They have terrorized several WWF tag teams with their savage tactics. Fans turned to Maivia for help. "If you'd only team with Chief Jay Strongbow," they would write, hoping this combination could bring dignity back to the tag team title. Peter knew this would be a great

gamble. He admired Strongbow and liked the man personally, but it takes more than that to make a great team. Their styles were far from compatible, at least upon first inspection. However, Peter and Jay were the only two men with sufficient experience to cope with Tanaka and Fuji. If Maivia wanted to make the attempt at all, Strongbow was the man.

Should he even consider the attempt? That question ate into Peter's very marrow. There was little chance of success. He and Jay would have to be phenomenally lucky. Depending on luck against Tanaka and Fuji was an insane way to do business.

Nightmares haunted Peter's



Peter Maivia howls in pain as Toru Tanaka tortures him with the feared nervehold. Peter reaches desperately for his partner, Chief Jay Strongbow, but he is too far away to help.

sleep that night. Tanaka and Fuji loomed in his subconscious larger than life and impossible to grab. In the last dream Peter suffered through, he found himself in a wheelchair struggling to stand. No matter how hard he strained, Peter couldn't move. The man woke wet with sweat.

The next morning, Peter sat drinking black coffee and staring at the pile of letters. All his professional intelligence told him not to contact Strongbow, and to ignore the fans. This is a dangerous profession, not some schoolyard confrontation. Throw the letters away, Peter thought, and never think about them again.

Peter stared into his cup. The clouds in his coffee swirled until Maivia thought he saw large tears. His fans' had written with their hearts. He couldn't ignore that. So, Peter did what he knew would have to be done from the very beginning. He contacted Chief Jay Strongbow.

*Continued on following page*



Maivia writhes around the ring, again the victim of a nervehold. Note how the Japanese team repeatedly traps Peter in the center of the ring, making sure he can't tag Strongbow. If Peter had more time to perfect his maneuvers with Jay, this wouldn't have happened.





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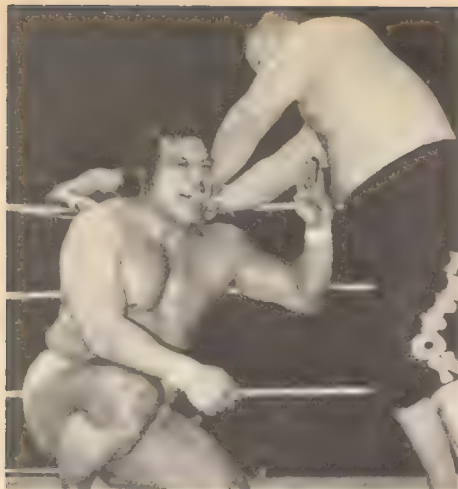
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Peter Maivia howls in pain as Toru Tanaka tortures him with the feared nervehold. Peter reaches desperately for his partner, Chief Jay Strongbow, but he is too far away to help.

**The fans needed a hero. As they have done so often in the past, they turned to Peter Maivia. Unprepared, undertrained, still Peter heeded the fans' call. It almost cost him his life**





# ED MAIVIA

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Strongbow picked up the phone and sighed. "I've been waiting for this. When do you want to start training? We both have much work to do in a short time."

"Do you have any ideas?"

"Buy a rabbit's foot."

Two worried grapplers met in the gym early the next morning. They started out with basic maneuvers. At the end of the day, they were trying to perfect the same moves. Spectators thought it was hopeless. Although neither Strongbow or Maivia said anything, each must have thought the same thing.

There was no denying these men were poor tag team partners. Their styles couldn't mesh. To the untrained eye, they seemed to be doing fine. Any professional could see this pair was in grave trouble.

Under any other circumstances, the men would have considered it a failed experiment and parted as friends. After all, only a few men can be anyone's tag team partner. But these were exceptional times

Above: Driven by bloody rage, Peter smashes his fist into his hated foe. By this time the match is a wild free-for-all. Below: His bandage unraveling, Peter goes to war.



and extraordinary circumstances. Strongbow and Maivia had to continue. The fans demanded it. If they only knew what they were asking.

Tanaka and Fuji rejoiced upon hearing of their next challenge.

Like everyone else in the wrestling community, they'd heard of Strongbow and Maivia's clumsy attempts at being a tag team. The Japanese mat stars delighted in thinking of how the fans would react to the almost certain slaughter.

The night of the match found Maivia and Strongbow going over strategies like students cramming for a test. Most of the statements were accompanied by a hopeful tone of voice. Yet, looking in their eyes, one could see no hope really existed.

The fans had filled the arena, ready to give moral support to their heroes. When Tanaka and Fuji entered, the boos shook the rafters. When Strongbow and Maivia walked down the aisle, the crowd went wild with affection. "Get us the title back!" they screamed. Strongbow and Maivia looked at each other. They'd try their best and hope for miracles.

From the first, everyone knew it would take a miracle. This fan-

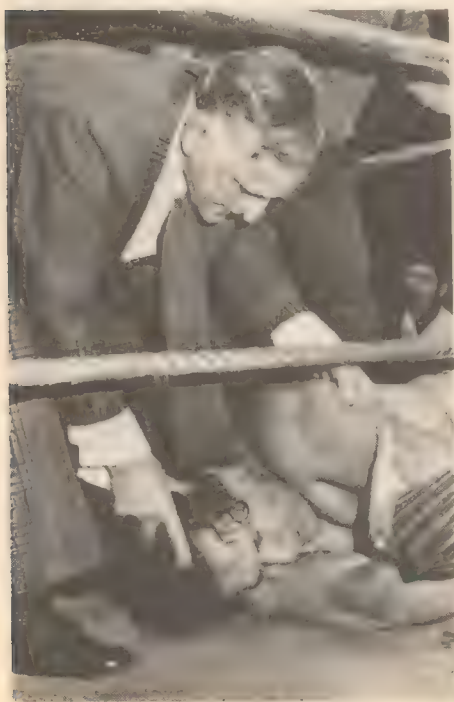


forced team couldn't turn back the Japanese grapplers' brutal expertise. Maivia and Strongbow took an incredible beating.

Then it happened. A huge gash split open across Peter's forehead. Blood poured like water as his face and chest were coated crimson. Fuji, the man who had wounded Maivia, looked happily upon his handiwork. Everyone in the arena knew Fuji was intent on making the wound worse.

The referee refused to let this happen. He stepped between the two grapplers and ordered Maivia back to the dressing room. The doctor would have to attend the wound immediately.

Strongbow agreed with the



Left: After the match, Strongbow collapses for a moment from exhaustion. Men from around ringside come to his aid. A few moments later, Jay was on his feet. Above: Maivia and Strongbow wearily make their way back to the dressing room. Both men suffered incredible punishment during the match.

referee, then added, "I'll take them on alone. This team isn't finished yet!"

As Maivia made his way out of the arena, he saw Jay go after Fuji. The Indian warrior did his best, and Peter left hoping it would be good enough. He hoped but he didn't believe.

Maivia wasn't gone three minutes when Tanaka joined his partner in an ugly doubleteaming effort. Strongbow was helpless against this two barrelled assault. There was no escaping this torture. Fans feared Strongbow would be

crippled.

Then, with a bandage spread across his forehead, Maivia ran back into the arena. With more courage than intelligence, he came to his partner's rescue. Strongbow grew afraid for the first time. In Peter's weakened state, real damage could be done. Desperately, Strongbow battled to save his friend's life.

When the brawl was wilder than even the most lenient referee could stand, it was called a double disqualification. The match was over. No one argued. The match

had become too dangerous for even the most courageous grappler.

Back in the dressing room, Strongbow stared at his partner, then said, "You're mad! Out of your mind! Coming back was an insane thing to do!"

Maivia nodded sheepishly, then added, "I know. In fact, our teaming at all was crazy."

Strongbow laughed with delight at the obvious truth. "You know something. I'm still crazy."

Peter added, "So am I, *partner*. So am I." □





# Baron Von Raschke vs. Rufus R. Jones



**C**ENTURIES AND CIVILIZATIONS AGO, there existed the state of Sparta in the nation of Greece. The men of this state were born warriors and trained accordingly. Combat was all they thought about or cared for.

Baron Von Raschke is sure he's the reincarnation of a Spartan warrior. His entire being is dedicated to wrestling. Any and all maneuvers, legal or not, are tactical efforts he must master. The laws of wrestling associations are for lesser men. Von Raschke only answers to his craving for victory.

Many people feel Baron's success depends more on his mind rather than his body. When Von Raschke steps into a ring, something extraordinary occurs: the man is consumed by a force. To defeat him, an opponent must break the will to win. That can be "compared to turning back a tidal wave.

Before a match, Von Raschke sits in his dressing room, dredging up mental strength from within himself. Only the



Baron Von Raschke grimaces in agony as he crumples from a blow by Rufus R. Jones. This is one of the few moments in the match when Jones could mount an effective offensive. Most of the match, Von Raschke ruled.

foolish would dare disturb this ritual. Von Raschke goes off into a corner, contracts his body until his muscles bulge and sweat beads all over him. A low humming sound can be heard. Then Von Raschke is ready. Head high, chest out, walking

lightly on the balls of his feet, Baron strides into the ring. An opponent seeing this awesome grappling machine, starts worrying about surviving instead of winning. Von Raschke conquers many foes before the bell sounds.



Jones strains his entire body to snare Von Raschke in a headlock early in the match. Von Raschke broke the hold easily and then mounted his own attack. It was an awesome display of wrestling ferocity.

No one had to tell this to Rufus R. Jones. The veteran grappler was well aware of Von Raschke's fury. Yet, Rufus gladly accepted a match against this dangerous athlete.

"Von Raschke," Rufus pointed out, "comes into an area and

thinks he can own it. Guys notice his swagger, his confidence, and fall apart. It's almost as if Von Raschke can hypnotize you into losing. Once he gets started, it's almost impossible to stop him. That's why he must be stopped early. And that's what I hope to

**Battered, Rufus R. Jones struggled manfully against the overwhelming fury of Baron Von Raschke.**

**Yet, the will to destroy was stronger than the will to win with honor**

do. It's never easy against Von Raschke, but I've got to try."

The night of the match, Von Raschke walked into the ring. His every movement radiated frightening splendor. Rufus tried to look away from Von Raschke, but he didn't succeed. The German mat star has a fascinating few can resist.

During the introductions, Von Raschke's eyes tried to bore a hole into Jones' brain. They stared with the concentration of

# TRIUMPH OF THE WILL





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Above: Von Raschke grins with glee as he traps Jones in a brutalizing bearhug. Right: Jones lifts Von Raschke high in the air and slams Baron hard to the canvas.

the possessed, almost inhuman in its intensity. Many of the spectators were awed into silence by its power. One young girl burst into tears, not able to name the terror but sure of its strength. Von Raschke's gaze never wavered.

The bell rang. Rufus, to shake off the demons gripping the pit of his stomach, rushed out at his foe. Von Raschke, with ugly nobility, stood his ground. Rufus rushed for the takedown, which Baron countered perfectly. An instant later, Jones was stumbling across the mat, victim of a Von Raschke armlock.



After agonizing moments, Rufus managed to escape. Yet, damage had been done. Jones moved his shoulders in a circular motion, trying to work out the pain. For a wrestler to show his opponent this weakness is often

fatal. The agony that caused Jones to reveal the injury must have been intense. Like a jackal leaping on wounded prey, Von Raschke pounced.

From that moment on, Rufus was in trouble. There were moments when Jones managed a counterattack; there was even a minute where it appeared Rufus could turn the match around. But Von Raschke's incredible will refused to weaken. Baron regained control.

Minutes passed as the slaughter continued. One by one, Jones' defenses crumpled. Agony after agony was suffered without relief. Von Raschke patiently continued his assault. It became clear Baron wanted to destroy his opponent, not simply beat him.

Yet, Rufus refused to be destroyed or beaten. He withstood the torment without flinching. There was no more courageous man in all wrestling.

Then, as if even time could witness no more, the bell sounded. The time limit had expired. Rufus had survived the match and earned a draw. Officially, and in the eyes of the crowd, Rufus R. Jones was the equal of Baron Von Raschke.

After the match, it wasn't Von Raschke's will people were talking about. The will of Jones to withstand punishment had astounded everyone. The man's mind overcame his body. When every fiber screamed for surrender, his spirit refused to quit. Though he'd never admit it, even Von Raschke must have been impressed by this courageous stand.

Back in the dressing room, Jones lay on the training table. His body was a mass of bruises, his muscles ached and swelled. Yet, there was a smile on his face. He had absorbed the torture of Baron Von Raschke. That's the measure of bravery in anyone's book. □



**Mil  
Mascaras  
Learns...**

# TO GET TO THE TOP, YOU MUST START AT THE BOTTOM



**R**EACH FOR THE STARS, and you will probably land flat on your face. But work slowly, carefully towards your ultimate goal, and in all probability, you will achieve your aim. This holds true for everyone, no matter how famous he might be.

After several years of waiting, the fans all over the WWWF at

last have a chance to see Mil Mascaras in person. His venture into the territory has been hailed by many people. Here at last, people believe, is the man who could end the reign of champion Superstar Billy Graham. One night, they figure, is all it will take. Mil can come in, destroy Graham, and become the new

champion.

Wrong.

There is no question that Mil would like to have a chance to wrestle Superstar Graham. After all, the last time they battled—when both were still rookies—the match ended as a draw. However, that one contest did help catapult both men to

**When Mil Mascaras came to the WWWF, he knew he would have to prove his greatness all over again. That's why Mil decided to work his way up slowly to main event status. Well, Mascaras has paid his dues—and now he's ready to cash in big!**



greater glory. In a sense, these two men owe each other a debt of gratitude; each man's career would not have been so great without the other.' And it is certainly time for them to wrestle again.

But no man—not even Mil Mascaras—can enter the WWWF and get a title shot right away. To get to the top, you have to start at the bottom. Especially in the WWWF.

It must be noted at this point that any man who becomes a professional wrestler must have certain extra special qualities which set him apart from the rest of the crowd. But not all wrestlers are the same. As in any endeavor, some are better than others. There must always be some people on the bottom for there to be people on the top. That is the way of the world.

For his first outings as a regular wrestler in the WWWF (he has been in the territory before, but only for guest appearances), Mil was slated to wrestle men like Jack Evans and Larry Sharp. Both of

these men are fine wrestlers, but they are certainly not the best the WWWF has to offer.

Clearly, Mil would not have his toughest matches against Evans and Sharp. Yet Mascaras knew it was necessary to give his all to these battles. He was being tested. It was important for promoters to see whether a man has lived up to expectations. Every major wrestler who enters the WWWF goes through the

same ritual. Not every man passes.

It is the intention of the promoters to see just how good these major stars are. There have been occasions when wrestlers have fared poorly in these examinations. They were not allowed to go after more important wrestlers. Instead, they were sent packing to from whence they came.

There is no shame in wrestling



Above right and left: Jack Evans finds himself flying through the air with the force of a bullet as Mil Mascaras hurls his dangerous foe across the canvas during their wild battle. Below: Larry Sharpe screams in agony as Mascaras applies the surfboard, one of wrestling's most painful legal holds.







Above: Mil has Jack Evans in a head scissors. Mascaras' powerful limbs can feel like vises as they squeeze with awesome strength. Below: Mil flies into Evans, which causes the blonde grappler to go sprawling across the mat. Mil's remarkable tactics leave all types of wrestlers confused and battered, not to mention a statistic in Mil's win column.



men like Larry Sharp or Jack Evans. Both men know exactly what they are doing. They are wily and crafty. They can make even the best of wrestlers look bad. They may be the "bottom," but they are not bad, not by any means.

However, for Mil, there would be a different type of contest. He was sure, going into these matches, that he could win. Mil has always been very sure of his abilities. The problem for him was to win effectively and convincingly. He had to wrestle brilliantly or else he would not earn his chance to wrestle Superstar Graham again. Therefore, Mil put forth no less of an effort for Larry Sharp and Jack Evans than he would have for any top-rated wrestler. In many ways, these two matches were of the utmost significance.

Of course, it is difficult for Mil Mascaras to be anything but brilliant once he is inside the squared circle. Once inside the ropes, Mil appears to be almost transfixed. He has one purpose, and he sets about to accomplish his goal. Mascaras does not waste his time or energy playing to the crowd. His concentration is total. Jack Evans and Larry Sharp were devastated by this man.

Since these early matches, Mascaras has been slowly inching his way up the WWWF ladder. He is content, for now, to go through the ranks of WWWF wrestlers. He has wrestled brilliantly. He keeps winning. He keeps looking forward to that day when he can reach his ultimate goal—Superstar Billy Graham. These two men have been waiting a long time to wrestle again.

For now, however, Mil will wrestle the main contenders. He will systematically eliminate all who stand in his way for a title shot against Graham.

For Mil Mascaras, the greatest glory is just about to happen. □



# The You've Match Waiting Been Waiting To See:

Right: Blood masking his face, Andre majestically stares at his fleeing tormentors. Below: The full weight of Andre's body comes crashing down on the left leg of victim Ric Flair.



Above left: Flair grabs Andre's hair with both hands and tugs mercilessly. Above: Andre hoists Flair high in the air before hurling him to the canvas early in the battle.

This was the match the wrestling world has been waiting to see. Andre the Giant vs. Ric Flair. Maybe there was no title on the line. But perhaps there was something even bigger at stake—perhaps the future of wrestling

THE BLADE SLASHED attacker, involuntarily took two across Andre the Giant's fore- steps back. Greg Valentine, head. Flesh sliced open and blood another marauder, froze in his poured down his face and chest. A tracks. Through the veil of blood, scarlet wave splashed across the one saw the hatred in Andre's eyes, athlete's body. And like the tide, It was enough to make a man blood kept pouring.

Andre screamed with rage. The arena shook from the power of his roar. Baron Von Raschke, his Flair, was still ready and able to

# ANDRE'S BLOODBATH AGAINST RIC FLAIR

mix it up. When Valentine and Von Raschke had leapt to their friend's aid, Andre found himself surrounded by rulebreakers.

Then came the slashing. Fans were horrified into silence by the hideous sight. Andre screamed and reeled, trying to get some bearing on his plight.

When the three cowards were able to marshal enough courage to resume their attack, Andre went on

the offensive. With the awesome skills that have made him a legend, Andre battered first one, then the other, then the third. For a short time, it looked as if Andre might vanquish them all.

But not even Andre the Giant is a match for three vicious, top wrestlers. He needed help. Luckily, Paul Jones saw his friend's plight and ran to help. Together, they made it a rout. Flair by now had

had a bellyful of battling and wanted no more. Valentine and Von Raschke wanted a massacre, not a fair fight, so they fled when the going got tough. Andre, his face and chest coated in scarlet, stood by the ropes and watched them go. The majesty of the Giant was never more apparent.

Andre might have stood there, transfixed for hours, if Jones hadn't touched him on the

shoulder and broken the spell of rage. Andre's great body shook for a second, then the two friends started the slow walk down the aisle to the dressing room. There were no words spoken between them; none had to be said. Friends know there's no need for thanks or gratitude.

The doctor greeted Andre at the dressing room door. The medico's bag was already open. Needle and



# The Match You've Been Waiting To See:

Right: Blood masking his face, Andre majestically stares at his fleeing tormentors. Below: The full weight of Andre's body comes crashing down on the left leg of victim Ric Flair.



**This was the match the wrestling world has been waiting to see. Andre the Giant vs. Ric Flair. Maybe there was no title on the line. But perhaps there was something even bigger at stake—perhaps the future of wrestling**

**T**HE BLADE SLASHED across Andre the Giant's forehead. Flesh sliced open and blood poured down his face and chest. A scarlet wave splashed across the athlete's body. And like the tide, blood kept pouring.

Andre screamed with rage. The arena shook from the power of his roar. Baron Von Raschke, his

attacker, involuntarily took two steps back. Greg Valentine, another marauder, froze in his tracks. Through the veil of blood, one saw the hatred in Andre's eyes. It was enough to make a man armed with a cannon feel helpless.

The odds were three against one. Andre's official opponent, Ric Flair, was still ready and able to

## BLO AGAIN

mix it up. When Valentine and Von Raschke had leapt to their friend's aid, Andre found himself surrounded by rulebreakers.

Then came the slashing. Fans were horrified into silence by the hideous sight. Andre screamed and reeled, trying to get some bearing on his plight.

When the three cowards were able to marshall enough courage to resume their attack, Andre went on





Above left: Flair grabs Andre's hair with both hands and tugs mercilessly. Above: Andre hoists Flair high in the air before hurtling him to the canvas early in the battle.

# ANDRE'S DODDBATH NST RIC FLAIR

the offensive. With the awesome skills that have made him a legend, Andre battered first one, then the other, then the third. For a short time, it looked as if Andre might vanquish them all.

But not even Andre the Giant is a match for three vicious, top wrestlers. He needed help. Luckily, Paul Jones saw his friend's plight and ran to help. Together, they made it a rout. Flair by now had

had a bellyful of battling and wanted no more. Valentine and Von Raschke wanted a massacre, not a fair fight, so they fled when the going got tough. Andre, his face and chest coated in scarlet, stood by the ropes and watched them go. The majesty of the Giant was never more apparent.

Andre might have stood there, transfixed for hours, if Jones hadn't touched him on the

shoulder and broken the spell of rage. Andre's great body shook for a second, then the two friends started the slow walk down the aisle to the dressing room. There were no words spoken between them: none had to be said. Friends know there's no need for thanks or gratitude.

The doctor greeted Andre at the dressing room door. The medico's bag was already open. Needle and





Above: Barely able to see through his veil of blood, Andre nevertheless pounds away at Baron Von Raschke. Paul Jones is rushing to give Andre some help. Below: Ric Flair doubles Andre over and punches the giant in the throat.

BRAINS. ANY TIME YOU WANT A MATCH YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME. RIC FLAIR."

Andre wired back immediately: "JUST NAME TIME AND PLACE. ANDRE."

Once the date and the arena had been set, both men went into intensive training. As readers of this magazine know, Andre's preparation was the most rigorous of his career. His determination and sense of mission has already been documented (see *SPORTS REVIEW WRESTLING*/Feb.). As ready as he'd ever be, Andre had honed himself to the peak of his abilities. Fully confident, he boarded a jet bound for the East Coast and a date with destiny against Ric Flair.

surgical thread were laid out on the training table. Andre lay back as the physician swabbed the wound clean and examined the gash.

"How bad is it?" Andre asked.

"You'll live. The wound is pretty deep, but it won't leave much of a scar. You're lucky it isn't worse. If Von Raschke had gotten another swipe at you, we'd be having this little chat on the way to the hospital. I guess you owe Jones a dinner."

"He doesn't owe me a thing!" Paul interjected.

"Yes I do, Paul," the Giant softly answered, "but it isn't a dinner. I'll pick up the check because I like you, not because I must."

"What I owe you is what I owe everyone who loves wrestling. I'm going to get Ric Flair and batter him into another profession. The man doesn't deserve mercy. I'm ready to give him just what he deserves."

"You won't be doing anything for about a week," the doctor declared. "It should take that long for this to heal. Now, if you want to go to that dinner, let me stitch you up."

Andre leaned back while the doctor injected the local anesthetic.



As the doctor labored, Andre reflected on the night's ordeal. His mind drifted back to when the smell of blood first appeared in the air—when the challenge was first laid down.

Flair had contacted Andre by telegram: "YOU ARE AN OVERWEIGHT CLOD. FEAR ME IF YOU HAVE ANY

The evening of the match, Flair stood peacock proud outside of his dressing room. Every nerve in his body was crackling with anticipation. If he could be the first man to defeat Andre, Ric would become the most famous, most feared wrestler in the world. Those who know Flair best know at this man's

*(Continued on page 52)*



**M**ANY CALL IT a coincidence. Others say there's no such thing as coincidence. The situation: Ivan Koloff comes to Florida, Dusty Rhodes leaves Florida.

As might be expected, Koloff doesn't deserve to be in the same sport as Ivan Koloff and he knows it. All it took was one match with open mouths as two ferocious competitors battled without mercy

out. I can't blame the man. He's an overblown talking machine who pretends to be an athlete. He knows I could kill him."

Koloff and Rhodes did wrestle once before Dusty left. It was a long, brutal match. Fans watched with open mouths as two ferocious competitors battled without mercy

**Ivan Koloff is terrorizing Florida wrestling. The area's hero, Dusty Rhodes, is struggling for the WWF title in the Northeast. Is this a coincidence? Or is Dusty afraid to come face-to-face with his conqueror?**

or restraint. It's a miracle both survived without permanent injury. The struggle ended in a draw.

The next day, Rhodes was on a jet to New York. He was going to try to wrest the WWF belt from Superstar Billy Graham. Koloff was left to terrorize Florida wrestling, thought to be the dominion of Rhodes. Had Dusty left his home to a brutal fate rather than face Koloff again?

"Don't be stupid," Dusty responded to this charge. "Koloff knew I was signed to come north, which is why he came to Florida when he did. Look at the dates on



**Above:** Dusty grabs Ivan's leg, hoping to break Koloff's hold on his victim's chest. Ivan's strength is crushing!

**Below:** As Dusty lies dazed on the canvas, Ivan drives his knee into Dusty's back and neck.

# DID IVAN KOLLOFF RUN DUSTY RHODES OUT OF FLORIDA?



**Above left:** Dusty grabs Koloff's Russian flag and dares Ivan to try to take it back. Before Ivan could accept the challenge, the referee made Dusty surrender the flag. There would be time enough for battle without the flag and pole to be used as a weapon! **Above right:** Dusty traps Ivan with an armlock.



the contracts. I signed to wrestle Graham long before Koloff signed to wrestle in Florida. I never would have left if I had known Koloff was coming. The man has to be stopped. I should be the one doing it. But I'm committed to my northeast contracts. Koloff knows this. The coward came in only when he knew I was leaving."

We tried to check on the dates of the contracts, but Koloff refused to let us see his. There are many legitimate reasons a man wouldn't want the press to see his business contracts. We have no legal right to see it. Still, Koloff refuses to let us see the one real piece of evidence which could decide the controversy.

"I have my reasons," Ivan declared, "and Rhodes knows it. The peroxide whale is throwing up a smokescreen, a cheap trick to divert attention from the truth. I have personal reasons for keeping my contracts out of the public eye. That's my right. But the truth remains: I drove Dusty Rhodes out of Florida!"

Rhodes is currently negotiating a rematch against Koloff in Florida. "This time," Dusty promises, "I'll destroy him. There'll be no question about it. He'll be the one on the jet this time! And he won't have any place special to go to, either. He'll just be headed anywhere I'm not!"

Koloff is readying himself for the match. While lawyers work out the fine details of the contracts, Ivan trains harder than he has ever trained in his life. "This match will prove once and for all," he swears, "that Rhodes is nothing compared to me. Nothing!"

Dusty is training equally hard. His regiment calls for at least six hours a day in the gym, and three hours a day studying maneuvers. Nothing will be left to chance.

When the two finally wrestle, it is sure to be one of the greatest matches ever. Yet there is also the chance it may be one of the tragic matches ever. □



**M**ANY CALL IT a coincidence. Others say there's no such thing as coincidence. The situation: Ivan Koloff comes to Florida, Dusty Rhodes leaves Florida.

As might be expected, Koloff claims to be the reason behind Dusty's exodus. "The man is

terrified of me!" Koloff shouts at anyone in earshot. "He knows I can destroy him any time I wish. My abilities are far beyond even his dreams. That clumsy peasant doesn't deserve to be in the same sport as Ivan Koloff and he knows it. All it took was one match against me and he takes the next jet

out. I can't blame the man. He's an overblown talking machine who pretends to be an athlete. He knows I could kill him."

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# CONFIDENTIAL DIARY OF AN APARTMENT WRESTLER

By Valerie J.



The match is a kaleidoscope of action as the sumptuous brunette, Valerie, dominates and then suffers in her battle against Amazonian blonde Loniie. In Valerie's own words: "The sense of power I got when Loniie crumpled from my fist was worth all the pain endured. Unless you've done it, there's no way to describe the thrill, except perhaps driving a sports car over 150 m.p.h."

## MONDAY, DECEMBER 5

I need something to shake up my life. I need a change from this brutal routine which has burnt out my brain. I need something to rid me of this boredom which has plagued me for so long. I need to break away from everything I've ever done and do something I would never dare do. I need a different experience.

But do I want to gamble with my entire life? Do I want to risk losing my friends and my fortune (what little there is of it) for one night of thrill? Is it worth it to throw away years of work for a few fleeting moments of glory? Yes.

Tomorrow morning I will call

Dave Moll back. I will accept his offer. I will be an apartment wrestler.

\*\*\*

## TUESDAY, DECEMBER 6

I did it! I told Dave I would be an apartment wrestler. He was thrilled. He said again that I would be an ideal combatant. "Valerie," he told me, "you will never have another experience like this. You will be perfect. You are beautiful. You are athletic. You are tough. And as a writer, you should value this as an extra experience from which you can gain new insights, so to speak. Look at it this way—you'll enjoy it, I promise." How could I resist?

Of course, I can always use this diary to chronicle my experiences. I think people should know what happens to a woman when she becomes an apartment wrestler. People should know this is one of the most unusual things which can ever happen to a woman.

I do hope, however, that this is also one of the most satisfying things I could do too. I don't think I could stand the disappointment otherwise.

\*\*\*

## WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7

Years from now, when I look back on this (and I'm sure I will) I hope I can laugh. I hope I will

A young woman who wants to be a writer also dares to be an apartment wrestler. Here are her innermost thoughts, her fears and dreams. This is the most intimate look at an apartment wrestler possible!



Loniie's arm splay's out as Valerie's fist slams into the blonde's chin. The brunette found savagery within her she never knew existed. The blonde, who had anticipated an easy match, learned never to underestimate a foe again!



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# ARY NT

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Lonnie's arm splay's out as Valerie's fist slams into the blonde's chin. The brunette found savagery within her she never knew existed. The blonde, who had anticipated an easy match, learned never to underestimate a foe again!

**A young woman who wants to be a writer also dares to be an apartment wrestler. Here are her innermost thoughts, her fears and dreams. This is the most intimate look at an apartment wrestler possible!**





Above: Lonnie snarls as she twists her victim across the carpet. The beautiful brunette struggles to get free. Below: Valerie's exquisite leg becomes a weapon and smashes into Lonnie's throat.



have done the right thing. After all, I am new at this sort of thing. I don't usually have to battle anything more savage than a dangling participle.

I am having second thoughts about being an apartment wrestler. I admit it. The idea is still so appealing to me. I know there is this inner fury bottled up deep within me which I need to get out. I can feel this energy; it yearns to be set free. If I can channel it into my work, I can become a great writer. I know that is what my output could be raised from the copy of a scrivener to the *belle-lettres* of a wordsmith; it would be ideal.

Despite my fears, I have gone into training. It is not easy, but I am ready. I have always tried to keep my body in good shape. My legs are strong yet shapely. They will be effective in this battle. At least I hope so. My stomach is flat. My breasts are full and firm. My arms are powerful—years of tennis at 4 p.m. on Thursdays have insured that. My body is ready. I just need to learn what I will have to do. I will do well.

But against whom shall I battle? Against whom shall I have my ultimate test? That remains a mystery. Still.

\*\*\*

#### THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8

When this is all over, I am going on a long, long vacation. I may not come back for months. Maybe years.

The training for this match has been brutal. I asked a friend of mine, Salome, for some help. I had never known she was an apartment wrestler until today when I confided to her what I was going to do. Boy did she have a story to tell.

You never can tell what your friends do in their off hours. Salome was a champion among apartment wrestlers at one time. She has since left the sport (though I never even knew she

was in it at all. She is not that close a friend). But she was willing to help me. She showed me what I should try to do and what I should avoid. But the training is brutal. I ache all over. Tennis was never like this!

I jogged around Central Park today. I've never done anything like that before in my life. I would have been too afraid. But now I have thrown all caution to the wind. No one dare mess with me. I am a superwoman. At least I feel like one right now. I also ache a lot.

Still, I do wonder who my opponent will be. I asked Dave about her on the phone today. He did not tell me anything. I need to know how to prepare to combat this savage beauty I will soon confront. Salome says she knows almost every regular apartment wrestler in New York personally. Even though she is no longer active herself, she is still invited to many of the more important matches. She is a magnificent woman. She is an excellent teacher. When we were practicing today, she taught me how to use my energies effectively. Now I realize why it is such a great experience being an apartment wrestler.

What is going to happen to me? My mood changes like a traffic light. One minute I can't wait for this match. The next minute I get depressed as hell. Will I win? Will I lose? This uncertainty is killing me. I want to know who I'm going to wrestle. I need to know. This knowledge will settle me, prepare me for the battle.

At least I think it will.

\*\*\*

#### FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9

Today I met Lonnie.

I am in big trouble.

She is a beautiful woman. There is no question about that. Her long blonde hair perfectly





frames that long, bright face of hers. She is powerful. I could tell that just by looking at her. There is no question in my mind that she will be a formidable opponent. Formidable. Tough. She's a wildcat. I can see it in her eyes. She has no trouble tapping her fury and making it work for her. She knows exactly what she is doing.

I would be liar if I said I wasn't worried. She is good. I can see it. Just looking at this statuesque figure would awe anyone. And this is the woman I am supposed to wrestle!

Talking with Salome helped a lot. She knew exactly what kinds of strategies would work, and she tried explaining them to me. But more important than that, she gave me confidence. "Valerie, you will have no problem with Lonnie," she told me. "Yes, she is good—one of

Above: Lonnie uses her height and strength to bend Valerie backwards. Below: Laying exhausted on the carpet, Lonnie is helpless to halt Valerie's ceaseless pummeling.



the best in fact. She knows just how to use her body as a weapon. I've seen her torture opponents unmercifully. She can be an unstoppable spitfire if the need arises.

"However, I can tell that you have a good sense of just what apartment wrestling is all about. You will be a beautiful, magnificent wildcat yourself during the battle with Lonnie. You will find powers within you which you never knew existed. Believe me, you will do well. I promise."

I hope so. I certainly hope so. I am not the kind of person who takes well to defeat.

\*\*\*

#### **SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10**

I will try to explain what just happened to me slowly and carefully. I still do not believe what I have just gone through. I

*(Continued on page 58)*



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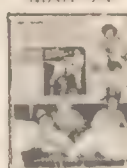
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**BEN  
STRONG**

# Super Destroyer

(Continued from Page 18)



Robinson perfectly executes a backbreaker on Super Destroyer. The masked grappler's body is doubled back in an excruciatingly painful position. This is Robinson's way of proving no one is going to bash his head in, especially someone managed by the despised Lord Al Hays.

to be champion?"

"Yes."

"A tiddly-winks champion says 'yes' like that. I want to hear you shout an answer. Now loud enough for the entire civilized world to hear: Do you want to be champion?"

"Yes!"

"What?"

"YES!"

"WHAT?"

"YYYEEEEESSSSS!"

"SAY IT AGAIN!!!"

"YYEESS!!! YYEESS!!! YYEESSSSSSS!!!"

"That means you'll have to destroy Billy Robinson. What are you going to do to him?"

"Destroy him!"

"How will you do it?"

"I'll bash his head in! I'll bash his head in!!!"

By the time Super Destroyer finished his psych session, his

body trembled with excitement. His mind was flooded with glorious images. Super Destroyer knew just how Billy Robinson would look lying on the mat in a pool of blood.

Super Destroyer knew, because Hays told him, Robinson must be defeated before the masked grappler could get a title shot. Billy is the AWA's most respected scientific wrestler. If Super Destroyer could cheat his way to victory, a convincing conquest, the AWA would give him a title shot. Super Destroyer believed, because Hays told him, he would be champion if he ever got the chance.

Super Destroyer remained in this hypertense state right up until the match. By the time he climbed into the ring, grunts and shouts were constantly spewing



forth. Before the bell rang, he grabbed the ropes and banged his head into the padded turn-buckle. Hays watched with a contented smile. Robinson, watching from the opposite corner, stared as if viewing a madman.

Once the match got underway, one could believe Super Destroyer actually was insane. His wild recklessness seemed to have no rhyme or reason. Robinson couldn't believe his foe had this much energy. Certainly he would burn himself out in a few minutes and then be an easy target.

However, Billy underestimated Super Destroyer's determination. Like an eternal whirlwind, the masked grappler just kept on coming. Billy



A typical Super Destroyer tactic is to burn an opponent's neck along the rope. Robinson is not spared this torture. Fortunately, Billy escaped before suffering serious injury.

realized using defensive tactics alone wouldn't be enough; Super Destroyer wasn't going to tire. So the cunning Englishman mounted an attack of his own.

It was a valiant effort. Yet, so highly psyched was Super Destroyer that no offense could defeat him. Again and again,

(Continued on page 46)

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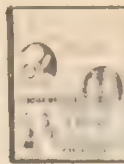
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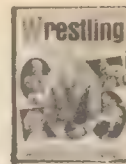
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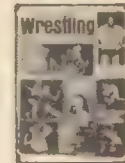
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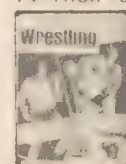
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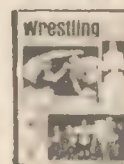
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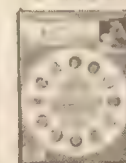
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# Super Destroyer

(Continued from Page 45)

Billy would try a maneuver only to have it fail.

As the match wore on, Super Destroyer grew desperate. Robinson didn't make a mistake, didn't give him an opening. As a rulebreaker often does in this situation, he got sloppy. Over and over the referee warned him. Super Destroyer didn't

listen. As often happens with rulebreakers, Super Destroyer got disqualified.

Lord Al Hays rushed into the ring, screaming, "You can't do that to my wrestler!"

"If he and you aren't in the dressing room in two minutes," the referee warned, "I'm fining you \$1,000."



Super Destroyer smashes his foot into Robinson's throat, a favorite target for the masked grappler during the match. Robinson was hoarse for three days from the damage inflicted. Some of Super Destroyer's opponents have to be hospitalized after the matches because of bleeding Adam's apples!





Robinson barrels into his hated foe, crushing Super Destroyer in a corner. That's good, clean, tough as all hell wrestling at its best!

Two minutes later—back in the dressing room—Hays and Super Destroyer shouted to reporters, "We were robbed!" When no reporters spoke, they then screamed even louder. "The referee knew Robinson couldn't win, so he gave him the match. This is a disgrace!" This sort of yelling went on for more than an hour.

Robinson lay exhausted upon the training table in his dressing room. His skin was mottled with black-and-blue marks, where Super Destroyer's fists, elbows, knees, and feet had left their marks. Billy's head still ached from an elbowsmash early in the match. He would feel its effects for three more days. But Robinson didn't complain.

"Super Destroyer is a lot tougher than I thought he would be," Billy admitted, "But next time will be different. I'll know what to expect. He won't.

"You've got to give credit to Hays, though. He made that masked guy into an awesome wrestling machine. Hays may be the smartest manager around. Too bad his integrity isn't nearly so developed as his intelligence!"

The next day, in a far corner of the gymnasium, Lord Al Hays shouted at Super Destroyer, "Do you want to be champion?..." ☐

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(Continued from Page 8)

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because the second referee's salary might come from their purses. "Why don't we get better referees?" they ask, preferring miracles to spending more money.

One scientific wrestler who wants two referees is Bob Backlund. "I'll gladly take less money," he declares, "if it means better matches. Most wrestlers feel one referee should be enough for a match; one has been enough for centuries. But wrestling changes, and the rules have to change with it. Do you know there are 10 officials in tennis? There are four umpires in a baseball game. There are even two officials in a basketball game. Wrestling can't expect to get along with only one man.

"I figure it would cost each wrestler about \$10 a night for another referee. So far as I'm concerned, that's a bargain. I've been around long enough to know one man can't referee a match successfully. Look, if there were two referees for all matches, Superstar Billy Graham and Nick Bockwinkle wouldn't be champions today. Two out of the three major championships allow the sport to turn into an excuse for brawling. Wrestling will face the same fate if it doesn't strengthen the officiating.

Bob even goes one step further in his plan to reform wrestling. "Two referees isn't the only answer. People have

to change their thinking about wrestling completely. I think television replays should be used in evidence to determine the winner of a match. Of course, there would have to be safeguards against trickery, but that can be worked out. What is important is that wrestling use all means available to insure a scientific match.

"Videotape is only one idea. Officiating has to be constantly changing, just like every other part of wrestling. I think a commission should be organized to examine officiating every year. They should keep the rulemakers equal with the wrestlers concerning changes in the sport. Today, the referee is no different from what he was five centuries ago! The sport is different in major ways, why not the refereeing?"

There is no logical rebuttal to Backlund's arguments. Officiating must change, the sooner the better. The sport depends on honest referees to keep it from becoming an insult to professional athletics. Hockey has been criticized, and may be outlawed, because officials allow the sport to turn into an excuse for brawling. Wrestling will face the same fate if it doesn't strengthen the officiating.

This is not to mean wrestling referees are at fault. They are being asked to do an impossible job. Let's give them a chance to show how expert they can be. At the same time, let's save wrestling. □



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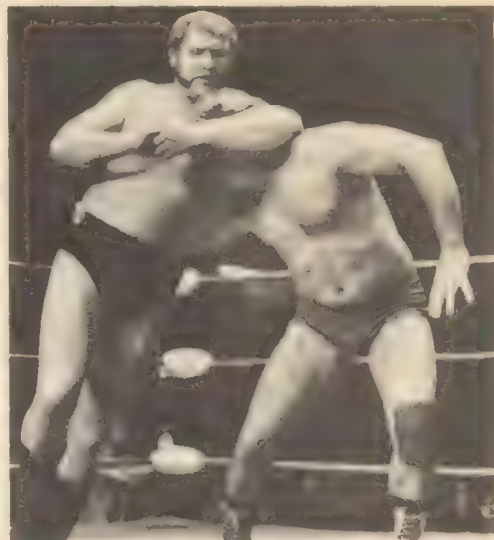
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## WRESTLER

(Continued from Page 10)



Above: Race uses a headlock to trap Tommy Seigler and send the victim hurtling across the mat. Below: Race stands majestic as the NWA belt circles his waist.



has lost his title.

Race knows this. He has now confounded all his opponents. They do not know what to expect from Harley Race. By keeping everyone guessing, Harley is lengthening his championship reign. This change is the mark of an intelligent and clever champion. It commands respect.

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Unfortunately, one thing has not changed about Race—his attitude. He is still a very arrogant man. When we told him of our decision to confer this honor on him, he said, "It's about time you turkeys got around to realizing who the greatest wrestler of all time is. I was beginning to think you guys were all blind. Of course, if you idiots had any brains at all, you would probably make me the 'Wrestler of the Month' every month."

Nevertheless, Harley Race is the winner this month. He deserves the honor, no matter what he says. ☐



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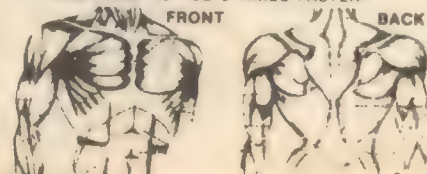
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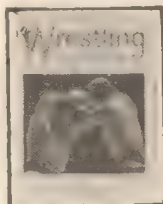
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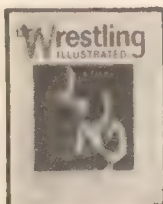
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## ANDRE'S BLOODBATH

(Continued from Page 36)

core is overwhelming ego. This could be the greatest night in Ric Flair's life.

Andre quietly waited for the moment to arrive. Here was the proven veteran defending his dignity and reputation against the most fearsome young buck around. It would not be over-

stating the case to say Andre's entire career was at stake.

Then the moment of truth arrived: The bell sounded. Flair raced across the ring, eyes wild with excitement. He tried a forearm smash that Andre blocked perfectly. The Giant countered with a body block. Flair was sent sprawling.

Over the next 20 minutes, the action was fast and furious. Flair learned from his first mistake and was more cautious. Andre also respected his opponent, not daring to make a fatal mistake. Still, the speed at which these two great athletes battled was incredible.

Then Andre began to gain the advantage. Flair knew what was happening and wasted no time. He signaled to the dressing room. Valentine and Von Raschke rushed to the ring, leaping at Andre. Before anyone realized what was happening, Andre was covered with blood.



Above: Andre has Flair hurtling across the ring early in the match. Below: Andre's tremendous size saves him from a scissors hold; Flair's legs can't encircle the giant's awesome girth!







Andre bellows with rage as he pounds away at Greg Valentine, one of Flair's two unscrupulous "friends."

The Giant refuses to discuss what might have happened if Jones hadn't helped him. Those three rulebreakers could cripple King Kong. No wrestler wants to speculate about life in a wheelchair.

When the doctor finished stitching Andre's wound, the patient took Paul Jones out to dinner. Their conversation centered around Ric Flair. Jones, who has wrestled Flair often, informed Andre of the blond rule-breaker's current reign of terror. Andre listened intently to this chronicle of savagery. When Jones was finished, the Giant said nothing.

"He must be stopped." Andre finally said. "He must be stopped."

The two men talked no more of Ric Flair. All that had to be said had been said in Andre's four word sentence. Each man promised silently to do his best to achieve that goal. Neither man had to say it out loud. Both knew their past would allow no other choice.

As for Flair, no one has heard a word from him. He certainly hasn't sent any more telegrams. ☐

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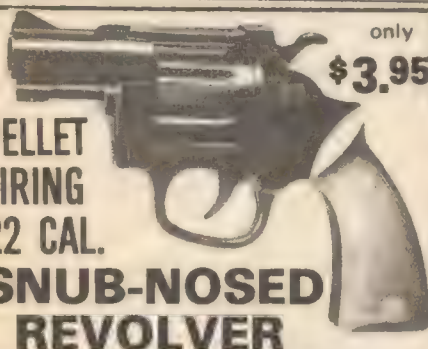
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# MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 12)

scientific wrestlers who refuse to sign autographs. I also know of many villains who willingly give autographs.

This is a condition in wrestling which must be eliminated. All wrestlers should be willing to give their fans autographs.

SEENA HELMS  
Concord, Mass.

## A BAD RISK

Your recent apartment wrestling story, "The Desperate Beauty Who Risked It All . . . And Lost!" (January 1978), fascinated me. It certainly proved there is no place for mercenaries in apartment wrestling.



Above: Miro is the victim of Rita's righteous indignation. Below: George "The Animal" Steele goes wild.



I imagine that Miro might be an excellent apartment wrestler, if she were properly motivated. After all, she can be a beautiful woman, and she did battle ferociously against Rita. However, this young



Rita pulls down Miro's bra, not only mangling the victim's breasts but humiliating her as well.

woman needs to learn about the real beauty of the sport. It is not a means for her to meet wealthy men; it is a way by which she can fully explore her inner soul, confronting the terror which controls her personality.

DR. CARL LaPLANTE  
San Francisco, Calif.

## A TERROR

Something must be done about "George Steele: One Man Wrecking Crew" (January 1978). That man is a terror. He must be stopped before he destroys any more arenas. A George Steele rampage is something I would not like to witness.

The man is a lunatic. There's no doubt about it. By all rights, he  
(Continued on page 56)



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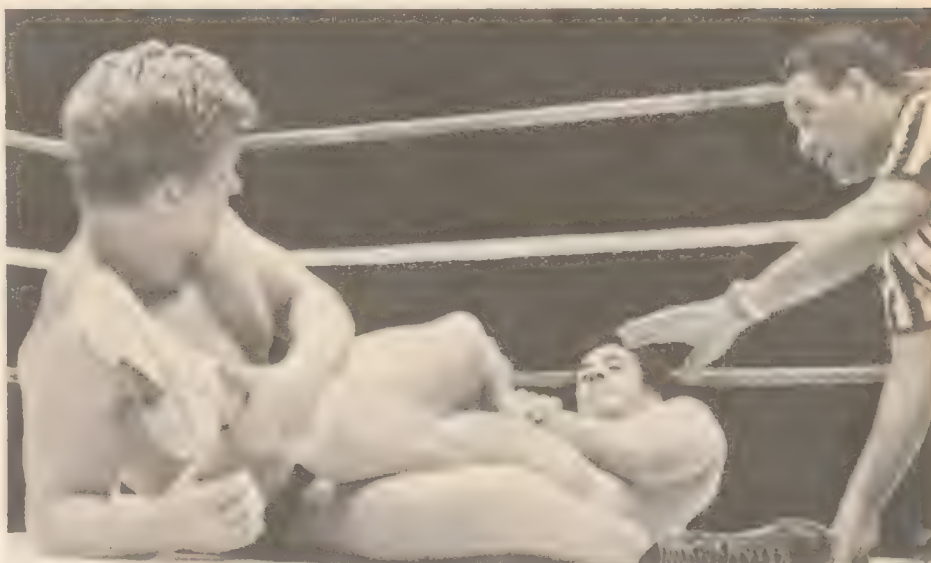
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## MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 54)



Above: Greg Gagne and Bob Backlund are  
locked in stalemate. Right: Dick Slater is  
wary before battle.

should be put away. Instead, he is  
allowed to keep wrestling. Is this  
right? I don't think so.

Let's hope someone finally takes  
a stand and gets this madman  
banned from the sport. Arenas do  
not come cheap these days.

FRANK HANES  
Arlington, Va.

### CROWNING GLORY

I loved your story, "Jack Brisco  
Crown's the King of the South"  
(January 1978). It was about time  
someone like Brisco took care of  
Dick Slater. That man has done  
too much damage already. Brisco  
did everyone a service.

To begin with, Dick Slater has  
no right whatsoever to call himself  
the King of the South. He is not a  
person to look up to or admire. He  
has debased himself and the sport  
more times than I care to  
remember. He is a cruel, heartless  
man with little regard for the men  
he cripples in battle.

Jack Brisco did everyone a favor  
and showed this clown up. We all  
owe a debt of gratitude to Jack. He  
is magnificent.

THOM PRUDHOMME  
Atlanta, Ga.



### THE GREATEST MATCH

For generations to come, people  
will be talking about "Bob  
Backlund vs. Greg Gagne: The  
Greatest Scientific Match in 25  
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men—destined to be tomorrow's  
superstars—have both proven  
themselves now. Their glorious  
confrontation will be discussed by  
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come.

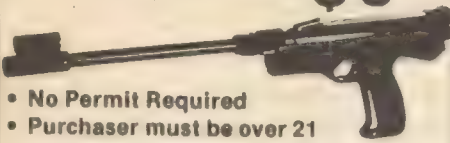
Greg Gagne and Bob Backlund  
deserve our respect and  
admiration. They are two of the  
finest wrestlers in the sport. They  
will continue to be so for many  
years to come.

WILLIAM BAYES  
London, Ont. ☐



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## CONFIDENTIAL DIARY

(Continued from Page 43)



Her back scorched by rubbing against the carpet, Valerie screams as Lonnie ruthlessly drags her around the room. Note the look of hatred and savagery distorting Lonnie's features into a mask of fury.

never experienced anything like it before in my life.

Someday, somebody will ask me to describe what happened in just one word. I know what that word will be—enravishment.

Oh wow!

Tonight was the most important night of my life. I can tell. No other moment will ever be so significant as this one. My battle against Lonnie has somehow set me free. I never before realized how enslaved I had been.

I was right about one thing—Lonnie was a magnificent battler. My estimates concerning her were absolutely correct. Her arms are powerful weapons. Her lithe legs can do things unbelievable. I admire her. Of course, I still ache from what she did to me. I will probably ache

for many days to come.

We both arrived at the penthouse about the same time. I tried to be friendly towards her, but I just couldn't do it. First of all, I realized that this was the woman against whom I would soon be furiously battling. Second, she had the fiercest look on her face that I have ever seen on any human being. If I had been scared before, it was worse now. We snarled at one another and went to separate bedrooms.

The next hour was spent getting ready for the match. I quickly changed into my striped bikini. I was anxious for the battle to begin. I could just feel the anxiety cursing through every part of my body. Somehow, I had to convert this nervous energy into fury. Otherwise, I would fail in my



efforts.

At the last possible second, I made my way into the living room of the penthouse. Lonnie was already there. The men in the room were admiring her. They were clearly enraptured with her voluptuous and exquisite figure. But when I walked out, I turned a few heads myself. No blonde ever upstaged this girl, let me tell you. They soon were all looking at me,



A primitive beast of battle, Valerie digs her teeth into Lonnie's lithe alabaster thigh. To dislodge the fangs, Lonnie beats a tattoo of blows upon Valerie's skull.

admiring me with their eyes. At that moment, I knew I was going to like what was going to happen.

Going into this match, I resolved that I would not be too upset whether I won or lost. It's too bad I could not abide by that resolution. For from the moment we started, I knew I wanted to win—at any cost. I have to assume Lonnie felt the same way.

She tore into me first. She tried forcing me to the floor. I had not expected this. She quickly started punching me about the

(Continued on page 62)

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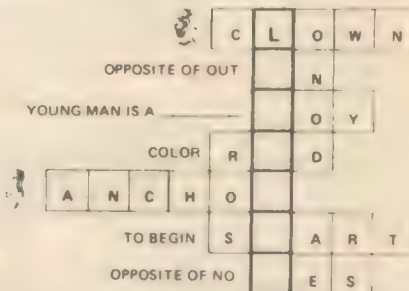
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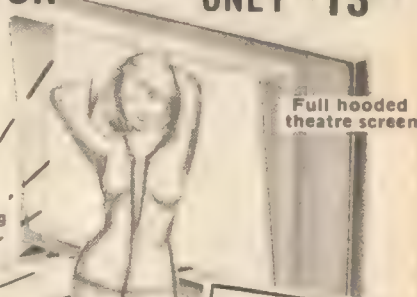
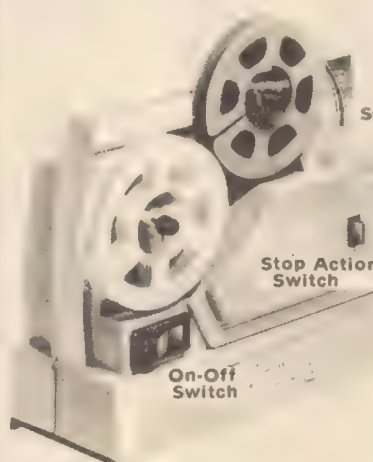
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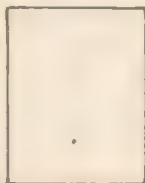
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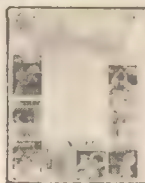
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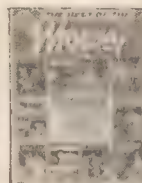
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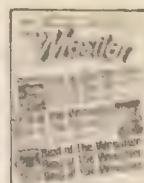
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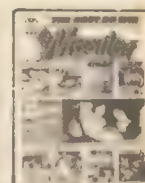
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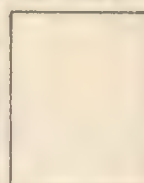
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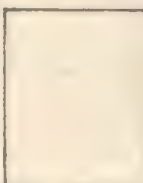
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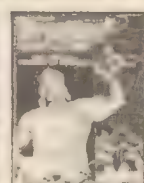
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# CONFIDENTIAL DIARY

(Continued from Page 59)



Lonnie digs deep into Valerie's cheek as the two women claw and tear at each other. Valerie tugs at Lonnie's flowing blonde hair, hoping to twist her tormentor away. It's a crude attempt from a desperate woman.

face, using my features as targets. I was not about to put up with this. I bounced back quickly, knocking her to the carpet in the process.

Like I said, Lonnie can be ferocious. But so can I. Within seconds, we were rolling across the carpet, our two bodies enmeshed in fury. She tore at my lush brunette hair, sending waves of pain throughout my body. I retaliated by sinking my nails into her ripe breasts. I cannot describe the feeling I had as I twisted those mounds of soft flesh in my fingers. I knew Lonnie was in pain. Good.

Lonnie struggled to her feet, forcing me to release the hold I had on her breasts. She, however, still clutched my hair in her fist. The pain was agonizing. For a few seconds, I lost control. My arms began to flail wildly. My legs found a life of their own. They sent me into Lonnie. I used

my head as a weapon to butt her in the abdomen. She doubled over in shock. I had stopped her momentarily. I used those few precious seconds to regain my reason. I took stock of the situation. I began my assault.

Nothing held me back now. I tore into her with a fury I never knew I had. Deep from within me came a power and a rage I could barely control. I could sense that the same kind of energy was cursing through Lonnie's body. And for the next 15 minutes, our battle was a stand-off. Neither of us could claim control of the battle, though both of us were using all our energies.

Finally, something broke. I just could not go on. Lonnie pounded a tattoo of blows up and down my back, all done while she was sitting on my legs. She used her whole body to bounce up and down on my





Above: Lonnie grins with delight as she drives her knee hard into Valerie's jaw. Below: Digging her nails into Valerie's breast with one hand, Lonnie yanks back the helpless brunette's arm with the other.



thighs. The pain was crushing and humbling. The greatness of this woman was finally apparent to me. Even after the brutality we had already endured, she was still prepared to continue. I was helpless against her assault. I knew the end of this match had come.

But something within me would not give up quite yet. Deep within my body, a sudden

(Continued on page 64)

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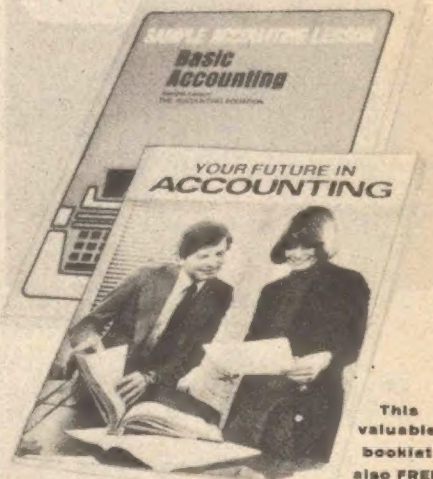
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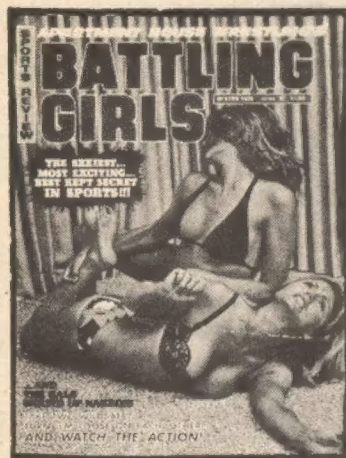
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(Continued from Page 63)

# BATTLING GIRLS



WINTER 1975

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Above: Valerie digs her nails hard into Lonnie's cheek. Right: Valerie avoids her larger foe's grasp and drives her fist into Lonnie's belly. Below: Valerie struggles desperately to free herself from the statuesque Lonnie's clutches.



surge of energy came forth. I stopped feeling sorry for myself. I attacked. I pushed myself up, throwing Lonnie from off my back. Then I grabbed her by her long, beautiful hair. I took her head in my hands, and began to smash it against a nearby table. She was screaming and cursing at me, "Damnit, Valerie! Stop this!" She was hurting, just like I had been hurting, only a few moments before. Good.

For some reason which I cannot explain, I let up. I knew the match was over. There was no reason to be sadistic. Lonnie fell onto the floor, heaving and





Lonnie twists and turns Valerie at will as the Amazonian blonde dominates her smaller foe early in the match.

moaning with every breath. Suddenly, I collapsed too. I had been through an ordeal, and now it was over. And I had won. I HAD WON!!!

\*\*\*

#### SUNDAY, DECEMBER 11

I still hurt. A lot. But I feel fantastic. I have never felt so good in my entire life.

Now I think I will go away for a while. I feel ready to write again. There is a book I have been meaning to do, and now I think I can do it. I know how to tap my energy sources. I know how to control my fury. I know how to get that extra surge of power when it is desperately needed. Now I can write my book. And it will be good.

Will I wrestle again? I don't honestly know. Lonnie does it all the time, she told me. I enjoyed the glory. I enjoyed the admiration. I enjoyed the enravishment I felt when it was all over.

When I finish my book, I'll consider it. When I finish my book, I may be ready again. □

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